NORTHLANDERS
#11

“THE CROSS + THE HAMMER” part 1 of 6

Notes:

Some additional character descriptions: The men that Ragnar is commanding, these are a medieval version of special forces or contractor security, non-conventional soldiers with high skill and discipline and a lot of leeway to execute their missions.

So they have all the trappings of a Viking warrior – the chainmail armor, the two swords (one long, one short), the helmets, the shields... all that should be gleaming, well-maintained and on or with them at all times. Some might augment that with axes stuck into their belts, metal lined leather arm guards, things like that. And like any accomplished Viking warriors, lots of bling: bracelets and rings mostly, that are worn loose down around the wrists and forearms, not so much tight over the biceps.

Where the non-conventional stuff comes is is in their hair and beards... think White Zombie – dreadlocky hair, long beards that either are a tangles mess or braided into single or double bunches, with human finger bones tied into it. Their hair in the same way, long, messy, tied back at times but always loose for a battle. You can have a little fun with this. Facial scars, missing eyes, missing teeth, broken noses... we can't forget that these are professional soldiers, but like I said, non-conventional forces. Hunter-killer teams.

I'll give them colorful names like Lice-Beard and Slayer and Blacktooth.

Page 1

Panel 1

Staring off with a high overhead shot looking down at the ground as a 30-40 degree angle, as if from a news helicopter. It's a classic sort of farm – a single main building (house) with a larger barn and a few enclosed pens. These buildings are made from earthen walls, stacked blocks of peat, with thatch roofs.



This cluster of buildings should be off to one side, perhaps even partially running off the edge of the page, and the focus should be on what is essentially a crime scene. A giant smear of red, some twenty feet in all directions, mars the green pasture of the farm. There are a few bodies, and it looks like quite a struggle occurred.

Standing in a loose circle around the crime scene are six to eight men, the Vikings, who I will call the MERCS in the script. They've come after the fact and are standing and pacing around like cops do at a crime scene.

But the figures should be small. On this first page, the goal is to show the countryside, green and pretty, with this horrific thing spoiling it all.

LOCATION CAP:
OCCUPIED IRELAND
1014 AD

Page 2

Panel 1

Moving down to the ground now, we're seeing the Mercs, who are pacing around, eyeing us warily. One of them is spitting a jet of saliva out of the side of his mouth, like a gangsta. We are looking at them through the eyes of the approaching Ragnar, who will be on a horse, so they are looking slightly up at us (but we don't see Ragnar here yet).

This should be a large-ish panel, with 2 of 3 of the Mercs in frame. They're 15 or 20 feet away. They aren't angry exactly, but just being tough guys.

Panel 2

At a steeper angle now, we're looking down at one of the Mercs, who is raising his hand in a sort of greeting/salute, looking up at us. Imagine us looking down from the horse as we walk by the guy – that kind of angle.

MERC: SIR.

Panel 3

Pull back now, far enough to get the whole scene in, the horse carrying Ragnar, and a half dozen Mercs. I imagine this page as three horizontal panels. SO far Northlanders has been all about dense pages with lot of stuff crammed in, but for this arc I want to open it up a bit.

The horse should be wearing a saddle with a blanket underneath, kind of like this:
http://www.alleycatscratch.com/lotr/Human/Rohan/Armor/RohanHorseParade_Syt.jpg

It should be an impressive animal, big and sturdy, a warhorse. It has saddlebags of a sort that sit just behind Ragnar.

Page 3

Panel 1

Ragnar is dismounting. He’s not engaging with the Mercs just yet, its almost as if they aren’t there, but one is steadying the horse for him, rubbing the horse’s nose.

Panel 2

Ragnar stretches, that one where you grab one elbow with the opposite hand and pull the arm straight across to one side. The Mercs are all hanging back a dozen feet waiting for this guy to say something.

RAGNAR: grunt!

Panel 3

Move in close. Side angle on Ragnar from the chest up. In the background one of the Mercs pipes up.

MERC: AH, SIR? LORD RAGNAR? WHAT—

RAGNAR: BE QUIET.

Panel 4

A shot of the Merc turning to look at one of the others, pure murder in his eyes.

Panel 5

Ragnar’s stopped and is standing at the edge of the bloody smear in the grass. High angle looking down.

Panel 6

He’s squat down on his heels and is rummaging around in one of the small bags or pouches he’s wearing. Ryan, might be an idea to give him some kind of satchel or messenger-style bag, something he’ll always have with him... his “kit”.

Caption:
RAGNAR RAGNARSSON
LORD OF LANDS, DUBLIN
IN KING SIGTRYGG’S SERVICE

Page 4

Panel 1

Close up on Ragnar pressing two fingers into the blood-soaked grass. Small panel.

Panel 2

He's tasting the blood, dabbing it on his tongue like how cops taste coke.

Panel 3

Pull way back and show Ragnar thoughtfully pacing around the perimeter of the blood, watching the ground. Get a couple Mercs in here, looking impatient and confused, exchanging glances, perhaps.

Panel 4

Ragnar looks up and away, towards the treeline a few hundred yards away.

RAGNAR:	WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS?
OFF:	AH, WITH THE OTHERS. BACK BEYOND THE TREELINE, SIR.
RAGNAR:	GET THEM. USE THEM. **IMMEDIATELY**. SEND YOUR BEST RIDERS WITH THEM.

Panel 5

Cut to a Merc

MERC:	..SIR? THE FUCKER'S GOTTA BE **MILES** OFF—
RAGNAR, off:	HE'S **NOT**. AND WHAT'S MORE HE'S WOUNDED. HE'S **BLEEDING**.
RAGNAR, off:	GET THE DOGS ON IT. NOW!

Page 5

Panel 1

That same Merc passing the order on to the one who was told to “be quiet”, speaking quietly, hand on the shoulder kind of thing.

MERC: FETCH THE DOGS, YEAH? JUST FUCKING **DO IT**, DON’T **QUESTION** IT.

MERC, other: YES, SIR.

Panel 2

The first Merc walks over to Ragnar, who is nudging one of the dead bodies with his toe.

RAGNAR: DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALLED THESE, IN CLASS, AT THE COLLEGE?

MERC: SIR?

RAGNAR: “HALF-BAGS”. THIS ONE DIED QUICKLY, AND HIS BLOOD STILLED BEFORE HE BLED ALL THE WAY OUT. SAME WITH THE OTHER.

Panel 3

Focus on the Merc, with perhaps Ragnar in the foreground.

RAGNAR: THERE’S FAR TOO MUCH FRESH BLOOD HERE FOR JUST THESE TWO. THE SPATTER PATTERNS, THE TRACKING...

MERC: COULD HE BE **THAT** WOUNDED AND STILL RUNNING?

Panel 4

Ragnar looks at the Merc, directly, probably for the first time.

RAGNAR: WHAT’S YOUR NAME?

MERC, off: VIDR THE LICE-BEARD. KING’S FOREST GUARD NORTH, SPECIAL DETACHMENT.

RAGNAR: **LICE-BEARD**. OF COURSE. THIS ONE WE GOT HERE IS NOT YOUR STANDARD NATIVE PERP SCUTTLING ABOUT ROBBING PEOPLE FOR COINS. HE’S BEEN KILLING FOR **MONTHS** NOW...

RAGNAR: ...ONLY TAKING OUT THE **KING'S** MEN, THE **KING'S** GUARDS, THE **KING'S** CROPS, OLD SOLDIERS, OUR **NOBILITY**, OUR **OCCUPATION OFFICIALS**... HE'S A ONE-MAN DEATH SQUAD, THE SEED OF AN INSURGENCY.

Panel 5

Move closer on Ragnar, maybe the lower half of his face, as he starts to smile, just a little bit, showing perfect teeth.

RAGNAR: AND NOW HE'S GOT THE KING'S ATTENTION...

Page 6

Panel 1

Full page shot of Magnus wading across a narrow river (fifty feet?), waist-deep in the current. Brigid is on his shoulders, he's holding her legs. He's filthy, bloody; a great wound seeping through his tunic around his shoulder, one arm covered in blood, and his sword sheathed on his back. His face is grim, but you can tell it hurts. Brigid looks terrified.

(Ryan, if this is awkward, she can be riding piggyback. She might be too big for the shoulders thing. Also, if the sword on his back makes it awkward to put Brigid there, he can be holding it in his good hand. Or she's holding it?)

Ragnar's words carry over in a tailless balloon.

"...SO WOULDN'T **YOU** RUN, TOO?"

(Credits)
THE CROSS + THE HAMMER 1 of 6
"A Rising Tide Of Falling Blood"
Brian Wood: writer
Ryan Kelly: artist
Dave McCaig: colors
Travis Lanham: letters
Casey Seijas: assist. editor
Will Dennis: editor
Northlanders created by Brian Wood

Page 7

Panel 1

They are both running up the riverbank. Magnus is in the front, one hand clutched to his shoulder. However the sword was in the previous page, it can be back on his back. Brigid is grabbing onto the hem of his shirt, sort of being pulled along up the incline.

Caption:
MAGNUS
LOYAL SON OF IRELAND

Panel 2

Same angle, but zoom way in on Brigid. She's wiping strands of wet hair away from her face.

Caption:
BRIGID
HIS DAUGHTER

Panel 3

Shot of them from the back as they dart into the woods, or into some undergrowth, partially hidden by shadows.

Starting Ragnar's captioned narrative:
CONFIDENTIAL TO LORD KING SIGTRYGG SILKBEARD.
FIELD REPORT / RAGNAR RAGNARSSON.

ON THE MATTER OF THE RURAL KILLINGS NW OF DUBLIN.

Page 8

Panel 1

Cut to a ground-level shot of a few bloodhound-type of dogs hauling ass across a field with a horse or two galloping alongside them. The angle is low – don't show anything above the legs of the horses. The focus should be the dogs as they run, tongues flapping back, drool, the excitement of the hunt.

You can swap the dog breed to something fiercer, if you wanted, like a German Shepherd or something more feral-looking. We need to fear these dogs. No idea what breed would have been used, but any dog could have been imported.

Ragnar Cap:
HAVING ARRIVED AT THE SITE OF THIS MOST RECENT OF HORRIFIC KILLINGS, THAT OF THE BROTHER AND SISTER OF OUR MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE THORVIK THE BLACK, I AM PREPARED TO REPORT ON THE SITUATION AS IT STANDS CURRENTLY...

Panel 2

Shot of Ragnar and Lice-beard, and maybe another Merc further back, watching with satisfaction. Chest-up shot, facing us, and Ragnar is holding a silver drinking cup.

Ragnar Cap:
...AND WHAT IS TO BE DONE HERE-ON-FORWARDS, AS ALWAYS, IN YOUR LORD KING'S NAME AND THE IN FAVOR OF THE GODS.

Panel 3

Back to Mag and Brid, who are moving through a dense part of the forest, having to use their hands to move small branches away from their faces. Magnus is starting to not look so great.

Ragnar Cap:
THE KILL-SITE IS A FLAT, GRASSY AREA NOW SODDEN WITH BLOOD, SOME DOZEN YARDS ACROSS. A MODEST HOME IS NEARBY, NOW VACANT.

Panel 4

Close up on Brigid as she pushes past a branch, tearing a small piece of fabric off her shirt.

Ragnar Cap:
TWO BODIES LAY UNDISTURBED WITH NO SIGNS THAT THEY DID NOT FALL, DEAD, JUST AS THEY PRESENT THEMSELVES NOW.

Page 9

Panel 1

Pull way back and show they busting out of the treeline, once again into an open space.. a neighboring farm. Perhaps in the foreground is a stone wall. Ryan, these walls were simply made from piling flat rocks onto each other, slabs of flint, no masonry or anything, and stood maybe waist high.

They're maybe a hundred yards away. Even from here we can see Magnus' slouched posture.. he's tired and probably lost a lot of blood.

Ragnar Cap:
MUCH BLOOD WAS SPILLED, SO MUCH THAT I AM FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT THE SUSPECT HIMSELF WAS HEAVILY WOUNDED, BUT REMAINS MOBILE AND ON THE RUN.

Panel 2

They're slumped down behind the wall. Magnus is leaning back, showing more pain in his face as pushes the sleeve of his tunic up to show an ugly rip from mid-bicep right up to his shoulder. It's puffed up and not pouring blood, but its oozing enough of it down his arm.

Brigid is looking at it in alarm.

Ragnar Cap:
I DID ALSO CONFIRM THAT THE ATTACKER IS A SINGLE HUMAN, MOST ASSUREDLY MALE, BASED ON THE SIZE AND DEPTH OF BOOTPRINT AND THE SURETY OF MOVEMENT INDICATED BY FOOT-FALLS.

A SINGLE WEAPON WAS USED, WIELDED WITH SKILL. EACH STRIKE DESIGNED TO KILL, AND THE VICTIMS DID INDEED DIE QUICKLY. THIS FITS PERFECTLY WITH PAST ACCOUNTS OF SIMILAR ATTACKS.

Panel 3

Reverse around and show Brigid suddenly peeping back over the fence as if hearing something. Put us on the other side of that fence, so all we see is the top half of her face and head. Maybe pull back a dozen feet.

Ragnar Cap:
AFTER DETERMINING THESE FACTORS, I ORDERED DOGS AND RIDERS SENT IN PURSUIT.

Panel 4

Back on her side, she notices the missing bit of her shirt, the little hole torn out of the sleeve, or the shoulder,

Ragnar Cap:
YOU HAVE NO DOUBT GIVEN ME THE FINEST MEN AVAILABLE. THEY APPEAR CAPABLE AND EFFICIENT, IF SOMEWHAT UNCONVENTIONAL.

Panel 5

Alarmed, maybe a little bit panicked, maybe on the brink of tears, she shows Magnus, sticking her finger through the hole. Magnus, at this point, has worked his shirt all the way off. Beefcake!!

Ragnar Cap:
THIS REPORT REACHES YOU BY THE HAND OF ONE OF THESE MEN. AT YOUR LORD KING'S EARLIEST CONVIENCENCE, PLEASE SEND THAT MAN BACK TO ME WITH ANY NEW ORDERS...

Page 10

Panel 1

Move back into the treeline and look out across the open field to the brick wall, some hundred yards away. We can see the tops of the heads of both of them.

Ragnar Cap:
...AS WELL AS A FEW LINES ON THE STATE OF THE KINGDOM. THAT UPSTART BRIAN BORU HAS TRACTION, AND I FEAR YOUR ADVISORS WILL BE LITTLE HELP IN THIS.

Panel 2

Move in super close on Magnus's shoulder. Brigid's little hands are wielding a brutal looking suture needle, an iron fishhook, essentially, threaded with something fine and black-colored (braided horsehair, most likely). She is sewing up that huge rip in his arm, rather expertly. But it's a nasty cut and the black sutures and that metal hook make it all look pretty grim.

Ragnar Cap:
AND ON A PERSONAL NOTE...

Panel 3

Position us just on the other side of the wall. Brigid is fearfully glancing just past us as she draws the needle and thread up high over her head. She's expecting the pursuers to appear at any second.

Ragnar Cap:
YOUR FAITH IN ME, IN MY EXPERIENCE AND TECHNIQUES AND THEORIES, DOES NOT GO UNAPPRECIATED. I CAN SAY WITH HONESTY AND VERY LITTLE EGO THAT, IF ANYONE CAN CATCH THIS SUSPECT, THIS KILLER, THIS... **NATIVE**...

Panel 4

Cut back into the woods. A blur of dogs crashing through the undergrowth. Teeth bared, lips curled back, eyes blazing.

Ragnar's Cap:
I **AM** THAT MAN. INDEED, MY ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK HAS BEEN LEADING UP TO A CASE SUCH AS THIS.

Panel 5

Position us with Brigid and Magnus, and we're looking past them, over the stone wall, at a half-dozen dogs crashing out of the woods and streaming towards them, looking like total killing machines.

BRIGID: DA!

Ragnar's Cap:
AND SO I THANK YOU, BROTHER.

Page 11

Panel 1

Side angle on the lead dog leaping the wall and tackling poor Brigid. Beyond them Magnus is pulling himself to his feet, sword in hand.

For this entire scene, Ryan, Magnus will be only partially stitched up, two feet of suture whipping around with the curved needle still attached.

BRIGID: ...!

Panel 2

Bridig and the dog tumble over and over a few times, as Magnus takes a mighty swing with his sword, like a baseball bat, and cleaves the skull of the next dog to leap the wall in half.

Panel 3

Close on Brigid, who is pressed to the ground under the dog, its drooling, snapping teeth inches from her neck. She's shrieking now.

BRIGID: **EEEEeek!**

Panel 4

Pull back and show Magnus reaching down with both hands and snapping the dogs neck, just twisting it to one side with great suddenness and strength, pulling the dog up and to one side a bit. His sword is stuck point down in the ground nearby.

Page 12

Panel 1

Magnus takes a ‘ready’ pose, sword in hand, facing off against the four remaining dogs, who are circling and growling like a pack of wild wolves. Brigid, still sobbing, has her arms wrapped around Magnus’ waist from behind, and there she’ll stay for the remainder of this fight scene. Mag’s gotta fight with her clinging to him.

Panel 2

Shot of the dogs, still circling. They’re looking right at us.

Panel 3

Cut down to Brigid, who’s teary eyes are screwed tight and she’s screaming.

BRIGID: **DA!**

Panel 4

Pull back and show that one of the dogs had jumped at Magnus and he impaled it on his sword, sort of having to lean back against the weight. The dog’s face is inches from his own.

Panel 5

Magnus turns away in disgust, grimacing as the dog barks and snaps and sprays blood over his face.

Page 13

Panel 1

Pull back and rotate the POV. Magnus is struggling to get the dying dog off him while the other three start flanking him, moving closer, intent to attack.

Panel 2

One of the dogs' clamps on to his thigh. Magnus is twisting away, trying to protect Brigid.

Panel 3

Another dog lunges for the other arm, going for the forearm. Magnus has since just dropped his sword, which is stuck too deep into the dead dog to be easily pulled out.

Panel 4

Magnus twists, flails, with Brigid clinging to him and the two dogs.

Panel 5

He slams one of them, the one on his arm, into that stone wall, crumbling part of it. The dog lets go on impact.

Page 14

Panel 1

Magnus now uses both his hands to force open the jaws that are on his thigh. Blood is starting to show through his pants.

Panel 2

Cut to Brigid, who is risking a glance behind her and doesn't like what she sees.

BRIGID: **DA!**

Panel 3

Magnus rips the dog's head off his leg, its mouth stretched painfully open.

DOG: YILP!

Panel 4

He swings around, both fists clamped together, arms stiff, and clocks the sixth dog on the side of its head as it leaps into the air. He literally bats it while its in middair. This dog was the one creeping up behind them, the one Brigid saw.

Panel 5

Planting a foot on the dead dog, he pulls his sword out. Four bodies of dogs lie in the grass, including that last one that's probably just knocked out. The other two circle at some distance, wounded. The one that hit the wall is hobbling on three legs, the fourth hanging weirdly. The other is shaking his head, working its jaw that Magnus wrenched open.

Panel 6

Move in on Magnus, chest-up. He is pale, really shaken, in pain, splattered with blood and his arm wound is bleeding again.

MAGNUS: BRIGID.

MAGNUS: WE'RE GOING. MOVE.

Panel 7

Small panel of the two dogs, murder still in their eyes.

Page 15

Panel 1

The two start backing away, slowly.

Panel 2

Shot of Brigid, peeking out from behind daddy. Small panel.

Panel 3

She panics and bolts, lets go and turns and runs.

MAGNUS: BRIGID!

Panel 4

Shot of the two wounded dogs picking up the pace, starting to run. Also small, if that works.

Panel 5

Shot of Magnus holding his ground, sword ready.

MAGNUS: UP A TREE! **GO!**

Panel 6

She runs up the field towards the opposite treeline, doesn't look back.

Page 16

Panel 1

Show a calm shot of that treeline, much closer. Just a bunch of pretty trees, big ones. All seems well, all is calm.

Panel 2

Looking up, we see Brigid perched in a Y in the tree some twenty feet up. She's looking down at us.

Panel 3

Looking down, we see Magnus standing below her, sword still in hand, and drenched in blood – the dog's blood – all over his chest and arms and sword. His shirt is slung over one shoulder like a towel.

BRIGID: DA?

Panel 4

Move in closer as Magnus looks up, a smile on his face. Just a simple smile that he might give her if she walked into a room and said hi.

MAGNUS: HEY, SWEETIE.

MAGNUS: COME DOWN, FINISH SEWING ME UP.

Page 17

Panel 1

Some time is passing. Show the sun setting over the trees – very nearly dark.

Panel 2

One of the Mercs is holding a torch up to an upright stake in the ground – Ryan, you know those things you can stick into the ground in your backyard to keep bugs away? A tiki torch? The Merc is lighting one off the smaller torch he has in his hand. Keep the cropping tight – no background, and from the waist or chest up.

Sfx: FWOOOSH!

Panel 3

Pull back and show the entire "crime scene" with the dead dogs circled with a dozen of these torches. This panel can take up most of the page. We need to get the full scope of the scene – the circle of torches, the Mercs hanging around; pacing, kneeling in front of bodies of dogs, and right in the middle is Ragnar, personally lit by a Merc holding a torch next to him.

Panel 4

Small panel inset into panel 3, just Ragnar's head, his face ominously lit by the light from the torch.

Page 18

Panel 1

Move the camera around behind Ragnar as he kneels down and touches the grass. The Merc with him helpfully angles the torch to give Ragnar more light.

Panel 2

Tilt the camera up to show the full moon in the sky. Maybe show the tops of the trees on the very bottom edge of the panel, but otherwise it's a clear sky with a bright moon.

Panel 3

Cut to a shot looking straight down at Brigid, who is lying on her back in a big nest of leaves, all bundled up for bed. She's looking up at us, past us, presumably also looking at the moon.

BRIGID: DA?

MAGNUS, off: COMING.

Page 19

Panel 1

Magnus looms over us in the dark, a blanket already draped over his shoulders. We see that Brigid is lying in a depression, perhaps a dry creek bed, that's partially covered with tree boughs. Ryan, adjust any of this if you need to – the point is they made camp somewhere semi-hidden.

MAGNUS: JUST SETTING THE PERIMETER.

MAGNUS: YOU GET ENOUGH TO EAT?

Panel 2

Magnus is lying down, his head next to Brigid's, but his body is lying in the opposite direction... so one head is right side up, the other upside down.

BRIGID: SORT OF. CAN WE HAVE A FIRE IN THE MORNING?

MAGNUS: YOU KNOW WE CAN'T.

MAGNUS: BUT BY TOMORROW NIGHT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND AN INN, GET A HOT MEAL INTO US.

Panel 3

This whole scene should be variations on them lying there, talking quietly to each other. Keep the camera moving. I like the visuals of the 'one head up, one down' thing.

BRIGID: OKAY.

BRIGID: YOU NEED A BATH. YOU NEED TO KEEP THAT CUT CLEAN. TOMORROW I CAN MAKE YOU A MOSS PACK, BUT IT'LL GET INFECTED IF YOU DON'T SOAK IT.

BRIGID: PLUS YOU STINK LIKE BLOOD.

Panel 4

Magnus turns to look at Brigid, who is still staring straight up.

MAGNUS: I SUPPOSE I DO.

MAGNUS: HOW'RE YOU DOING? ARE YOU UPSET ABOUT THE DOGS?

BRIGID: NO.

Panel 5

Move in a bit closer on Brigid, cutting Magnus partially out of this shot.

MAGNUS: YOU LIKE DOGS, THOUGH.

BRIGID: I KNOW THEY WERE BAD DOGS. YOU HAD TO KILL THEM. RIGHT?

Page 20

Panel 1

Pull back and get more of them in panel, plus a bit of the shelter.

MAGNUS: THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU, BRIGID.

BRIGID: *sigh*

Panel 2

Magnus, in a very subtle move, touches the side of his head to Brigid's. Subtle, but touching.

MAGNUS: THIS ISN'T THE LIFE I WANTED FOR US... FOR YOU. I TRULY MEANT TO HAVE LEFT ALL THE KILLING BEHIND ME YEARS AGO.

MAGNUS: YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, TO BE STICKING BY YOUR DA LIKE YOU HAVE. YOU'RE ALL I HAVE LEFT.

BRIGID: YOU NEED ME.

Panel 3

Move in closer on Magnus, whose eyes are closing – he's falling asleep.

MAGNUS: I DO.

MAGNUS: IT WON'T BE THAT MUCH LONGER, I PROMISE.

Panel 4

A silent panel as that last sentence hangs in the air. Brigid is wide awake, looking up. Magnus looks asleep.

Panel 5

Close on Brigid.

BRIGID: BUT UNTIL WHEN, DA?

Page 21

Panel 1

Full page of the forest as night, perhaps a shot that places them at the very bottom of the panel and the moon straight up above them.

BRIGID: DA?

Page 22

Panel 1

Full page panel of Ragnar and a strike team of a half dozen Mercs, Lice-Beard included, stealthily moving into the edges of the forest, short swords drawn.

End Part One.